Or rather ſay the cauſe of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cauſe:
Thus it remaines, and the remainder thus.
Perpend.
I have a daughter, have while ſhe is mine,
Who in her duty and obedience, marke,
Hath given me this; now gather and ſurmiſe.
*To the Celeſtiall, my ſoules Idoll, the moſt beautified* Ophelia.
*That's an ill phraſe, a vile phraſe, beautified is a vile phraſe: but you ſhall heare, thus in her excellent white boſome, Theſe, &c.*
*Queen.* Came this from *Hamlet* to her?
*Pol.* Good Madam ſtay a while, I will be faithfull.
*Doubt thou the ſtarres are fire,* *Letter.*
*Doubt that the ſunne doth move,*
*Doubt truth to be a lyer,*
*But never doubt I love.*
*O deare* Ophelia *I am ill at theſe numbers, I have not art to reckon my groanes; but that I love thee beſt, O moſt beſt beleeve it: Adieu. Thine evermore moſt deare Lady, whileſt this machine is to him,* Hamlet.
*Pol.* This in obedience hath my daughter ſhowne me,
And more about have his ſolicitings,
As they fell out by time, by meanes, and place,
All given to mine eare.
*King.* But how hath ſhe receiv'd his love?
*Pol.* What doe you thinke of me?
*King.* As of a man faithfull and honourable.
*Pol.* I would faine prove ſo; but what might you thinke
When I had ſeene this hot love on the wing,
As I perceiv'd it (I muſt tell you that)
Before my daughter told me; what might you
Or my deare Majeſtie your Queen here thinke,
If I had plaid the deske, or Table-booke,
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumbe,
Or look upon this love with idle ſight,
What might you thinke? no, I went round to worke,
And my young Miſtreſſe thus I did beſpeake:
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy ſphere,
This muſt not be: and then I precepts gave her, That



That ſhe ſhould locke her ſelfe from his reſort,
Admit no meſſengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, ſhe tooke the fruits of my advice;
And he repell'd, a ſhort tale to make,
Fell into a ſadneſſe, then into a Faſt,
Thence to a watch, thence into a weakneſſe,
Thence to a lightneſſe, and by this declenſion
Into the madneſſe wherein now he raves,
And all we mourne for.
*King.* Doe you thinke 'tis this?
*Queen.* It may be very likely.
*Pol.* Hath there been ſuch a time, I would faine k
That I have poſitively ſaid, 'tis ſo,
When it prov'd otherwiſe?
*King.* Not that I know.
*Pol.* Take this from this, if this be otherwiſe,
If circumſtances lead me, I will finde
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the Centre.
*King.* How may we try it further?
*Pol.* You know ſometimes he walkes foure hou
Here in the Lobby.
*Queen.* So he does indeed.
*Pol.* At ſuch a time Ile looſe my daughter to hi
Be you and I behind the Arras then,
Marke the encounter; if he love her not,
And be not from his reaſon falne thereon,
Let me be no aſſiſtant for a State,
But keep a Farme and Carters.
*King.* We will try it. *Enter*
*Queen.* But look where ſadly the poore wretch
*Pol.* Away, I doe beſecch you both away,
Ile board him preſently. Oh give me leave.
How does my good Lord *Hamlet?*
*Ham.* Well, God a mercy.
*Pol.* Doe you know me, my Lord?
*Ham.* Excellent well, you are a Fiſhmonger.
*Pol.* Not I my Lord.